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THE

DUENNA,

OR THE

DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE.

BY

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A COMIC OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Don Jerome's *Houſe, at Night.*

Enter Lopez, *with a Lanthorn.*

Lop. WELL, ſurely, this is the hardeſt taſk in nature, to ſerve a man ſo far gone in love.—Why my maſter neither eats, drinks, nor ſleeps; and here I am obliged to attend him, night and day, in the charming amuſements of faſting and waking: This may be pleaſant to a lover; but as I am not one of the ſighing gentry, I could wiſh for more ſubſtantial entertainment.—At this rate, we ſhall make a black lent of the whole year; in a fortnight I ſhall be ſhrunk to leſs than a ſizeable eel:—my cheeks are already thinner than parchment, and my jaws, for want of proper uſe, are almoſt lock'd:—This maſter of mine is——but, here he comes

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Well, ſirrah, what are you doing here? Did I not order you home?

Lop. I was thinking, Sir, if you would but be perſuaded to go home, lie down, and take a little bit of a nap—if it was but by way of novelty, it—

Ferd. Who bid you think, raſcal! Begone! and let me no longer be troubled with your impertinence.

Lop. Impertinence! Dear Sir, conſider my melancholy condition; and, if you will indulge any paſſion, pray let it be compaſſion for the hollow ſound of my ſtomach—

Ferd. Peace, cormorant! Thou haſt not an idea beyond the groſs ſenſation of eating.

Lop. I confeſs the charge, and heartily wiſh it more ſubſtantial than mere idea—

Ferd. No more, dolt! You muſt faſt and wake as long as I pleaſe; ſo begone home, as you fear correction.

[*Exit* Ferdinand.

Lop. There he goes? Love has taken full poſſeſſion of his brain; and until he come to his ſober ſenſes, I ſhall have neither food nor reſt.—Plague of all your fine ſenſations, I ſay. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter ANTONIO, FERDINAND, *and* GENTLEMEN, *with Guittars and maſk'd; who approach under* LOUISA'S *window.*

SERENADE.

Ant. Tell me, my lute, can thy fond ſtrain,
So gently ſpeak thy maſter's pain;
So ſoftly ſing, ſo humbly ſigh,
That—tho' my ſleeping love ſhall know
Who ſings—who ſighs below,—
Her roſy ſlumbers ſhall not fly.
Thus may ſome viſion wiſper more
Than ever I durſt ſpeak before!

Ferd. 'Tis all in vain, Antonio: Louiſa will not hear you; and if ſhe does, 'twill be to little purpoſe.

Ant. I am not of your opinion, Ferdinand: a ſincere and tender lover ſhould never ſhrink at a faint repulſe; if ſhe is within hearing, I doubt not to convince you of your error.

AIR.

Ant. The breath of morn bids hence the night;
Unveil thoſe beauteous eyes, my fair;
For all the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day——I own no light.

[*After the ſong* Louiſa *appears at the window.*

AIR.

Lou. Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bleſs my ſight,
'Tis Phœbus ſure that wooes, I cry'd,
Who ſpeaks in ſong, who moves in light.

[*Don Jerome above opens his window.*

AIR. TRIO.

Jer. What vagabonds are theſe I hear,
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, ſcraping, whining, canting,
Fly, ſcurvy minſtrels, fly!

Lou. Nay pray thee father, why ſo rough?

Ant. An humble lover I!

Jer. How durſt you, daughter, lend an ear
To ſuch deceitful ſtuff?
Quick from the window, fly!

Lou. Adieu, Antonio! *Ant.* Muſt you go?

A. & L. We ſoon, perhaps, may meet again;
For tho' hard fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us.——

Jer. Reach me the blunderbuſs!

A. & L. The god of love who knows our pain.

Jer. Hence, or theſe ſlugs are thro' your brain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Chamber in* DON JEROME'S *Houſe.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* LOUISA.

Jer. 'Tis well the catterwauling puppy made his eſcape:—a minute more, and I would have made a riddle of his calicoe carcaſe.

Lou. Why, ſir, ſhould his honourable love ſubject him to ſuch cruel treatment?

Jer. Honourable love! and cruel treatment!—fine romantic babble, truly!——But I'll make you know, ſighing, whining madam, that you are a daughter, born to obey, and I a father born to command,—abſolute in power and ſhrewd in diſcernment;—ſo no more tricks, d'ye hear?—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Street.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. Nay, prithee, don't be grave, Fredinand——I have my perplexities, yet bear up againſt them.

Ferd. I am the moſt unfortunate of all men living, Antonio——

Ant. What is the matter?—Has Clara and you had any difference?

Ferd. I am on the rack!—She is ſo much diſpleaſed, that I know not if ever I ſhall ſee her again.

Ant. What has ſhe taken ill?—You muſt have been much to blame; for Clara is all gentleneſs.

Ferd. Indeed I found it was impoſſible to attempt ſeeing her, the father kept ſo watchful an eye:—ſo that I attempted to ſee her maid; which ſucceeded to my wiſh, and ſhe conveyed me to her apartment.

Ant. A gallant youth, upon my word!—And then I'll be ſworn you took ſome liberty that has ſhocked her delicacy.—Tell me, did you dare to take her hand?

Ferd. Moſt aſſuredly I did.

Ant. And did you preſume to treſpaſs on a kiſs without her conſent?

Ferd. A kiſs! I raviſhed a dozen from her.

Ant. And can you wonder at her diſpleaſure!

Ferd. Not in the leaſt; but I am diſtracted in having loſt her.

AIR.

Ferd. Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial reaſon
The tyrant love diſarm;
But when enrag'd I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love ſtill ſuggeſts her beauty,
And ſees, while reaſon's blind.

Ferd. Antonio, you were once fond of Clara: how ſtands your affection now!

Ant. Your ſiſter now poſſeſſes all my ſoul.—I once thought Clara had charms; but the coldneſs and indifference with which ſhe treated me, recalled my heart to its wonted indifference.

AIR.

Ant. I ne'er could any luſtre ſee
In eyes that would not look on me:
I ne'er ſaw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to ſip.
Has the maid who ſeeks my heart
Cheeks of roſe untouched by art?——
I will own the colour true,
When yielding bluſhes aid their hue.

Is her hand ſo ſoft or pure?——
I muſt preſs it to be ſure:
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful preſs again.
Muſt I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving boſom ſigh!
I will do ſo—when I ſee
That heaving boſom ſigh for me.

Ferd. I'll do all in my power to aſſiſt your ſuit with my ſiſter:—but I charge you not to attempt running away with her.—You ſhall have my intereſt as far as that can ſerve you.

Ant. Would you not, Ferdinand, run away with Clara if ſhe would conſent?

Ferd. I muſt confeſs I ſhould not heſitate: but you will allow, we never do by other men's wives and daughters, as we wiſh they ſhould by our's.

Ant. You need be under no uneaſineſs, on my account, in reſpect to Clara.

Ant. Friendſhip is the bond of reaſon:
But if beauty diſapprove,
Heav'n abſolves all other treaſon,
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I ſwore,
As a civil oath I view:
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I falſe muſt be;
Can I doubt which to prefer
A breach to ſocial faith with thee,
Or ſacrilege to love and her.

[*Exit* Ant.

Ferd. Sure Antonio has no lurking paſſion for Clara. And yet, methinks, this change muſt be all pretence: for who that has ever loved her can ceaſe to do ſo—But from his try'd ſincerity, how can I doubt his friendſhip.

AIR.

Ferd. Tho' cauſe for ſuſpicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love too are ſtrong;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliſs if I'am wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealouſy flow,
Ah! none but the jealous—the jealous can know!

When bleſt with the ſmiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore;
Thoſe ſmiles let another but ſhare,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falſer ſhe ſeems, ſtill the fonder I grow!

SCENE V. *Chamber in* DON JEROME'S *Houſe.*

Enter LOUISA *and* DUENNA.

Duen. Are you ſtill determined, my dear miſs, to take ſo raſh a ſtep?—Are you really ſo fond of Antonio, as to marry him without a fortune? I fear you will hereafter repent, and reflect on the imprudence of your choice.

AIR.

Lou. Thou can'ſt not boaſt of fortune's ſtore,
My love! while me they wealthy call?
But I was glad to find thee poor——
For, with my heart I'd give thee all:
And then the grateful youth ſhall own,
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

But when his worth my hand ſhall gain,
No word or look of mine ſhall ſhow,
That I the ſmalleſt thought retain
Of what my bounty did beſtow:
Yet ſtill his grateful heart ſhall own,
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

Duen. Indeed, Louiſa, I overheard your father ſay, you ſhall marry little Iſaac, the Jew, to-morrow:——Now, if we ſucceed in our plot, you ſhall give him up to me entirely.

Lou. O yes, with all my heart!——But have you gained the maid to my intereſt?—My brother Ferdinand has promiſed his aſſiſtance.

Duen. All is as you wiſh——But I muſt have Antonio's laſt letter—that muſt be the cauſe of his ſuſpicion; and leave the reſt to me.

Lou. There it is; *(gives a letter.)* and I wiſh you ſucceſs with all my heart.

Enter Don Jerome *and* Ferdinand.

Jer. What is all this ſcraping, fiddling, and ſerenading?—I deſire I may have no more of it.—And what have you been about, Sir?—diſturbing ſome honeſt family in the ſame manner, I ſuppoſe. Louiſa, to-morrow, child, I have determined you ſhall marry Iſaac Mendoza; and then—

Lou. O, Sir, do not make me miſerable!—

Jer. Any thing more?

Lou. Sir, he's a Jew.——

Jer. That's a miſtake; for he has changed his religion theſe ſix weeks—Any thing more?

Lou. Sir, he's a Portugueze.

Jer. That's another miſtake; for he has forſworn his country.—Any thing more?

Lou. Sir, he has to me the greateſt fault that ever a man had.

Jer. Hey-day!——What's that, pray?

Lou. He is my averſion.

Jer. Louiſa, I care not: I know he loves you, and has the money. The beſt experiment in nature, to obtain good fruit, is to graft on a crab.———You know my wife and I lived very happy; yet there was no love between us, and we expected none; therefore, we were not diſappointed:—and the poor woman, when ſhe died, I was ſo ſorry, that I did not care if ſhe had lived. I wiſh every man in Spain could ſay as much. And now, Sir, if you have any more advice to give to your ſiſter, about diſobedience to her father, be brief; for I intend to lock her up in her room, and will not ſee her face, till ſhe return to her duty.

Ferd. Sir, for my ſiſter's ſake, I cannot help ſpeaking——

Jer. Then, Sir, for my ſake, hold your tongue.

[*Exit* Ferdinand.

(Don Jerome *locks up* Louiſa, *and returning meets the* Duenna.)

Jer. So, madam! have I found you out!—Here's a witch! engaged in Antonio's intereſt. How did you dare to encourage ſuch a piece of miſchief?

Duen. Well, and if I am in Antonio's intereſt, I am not

aſhamed to own it; for I always delighted in the tender paſſions——

Jer. In the tender paſſions! O you old piece of antiquity, you are an antidote to all the tender paſſions. Get you out of my houſe, this moment; out of my houſe, I ſay! you, that I took in to my houſe to be a ſcarecrow, to become a decoy-duck!—Get along! you old piece of antiquity!

Duen. Well, Sir, I don't want to ſtay in your houſe; but I muſt go and lock up my wardrobe.

Jer. Your wardrobe! When you came into my houſe, you could carry your wardrobe in your comb-caſe, you could, you old dragon!

Duen. And my veil, too,—I hope you would not have me go without my veil.

Jer. Your veil, you can't go without a veil, indeed!—I ſuppoſe you are afraid of your beauty. Well, go along and get your veil, you old devil! *(He lets the Duenna into Louiſa.)* A fine ſtory indeed! if parents are to be diſobeyed on account of love, liking, beauty, and ſuch nonſenſe:—But, as my father made me marry to pleaſe him, without caring two-pence for my bride; ſo my daughter ſhall marry to pleaſe me, though age, deformity, and avarice ſhould be my choice.

AIR.

If a daughter you have, ſhe's the plague of your life:
No peace you ſhall know—tho' you've buried your wife:
At twenty ſhe mocks at the duty you taught her.
O! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter!
Sighing and whining!
Dying and pining!
O! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter!

When ſcarce in their teens they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers they conſtantly vex us;
While each ſtill rejects the fair ſuitor you've brought her;
O! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter!
Wrangling and jangling!
Flouting and pouting;
O! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter!

Jer. So, madam, you have got your veil: now march off

—and, if you pleaſe, I'll ſee you clear of my houſe.—There, go, go to Antonio!—go to him; and do you hear?—ſince he has got you turned out of a good place, he had better make you amends, by taking you home with himſelf.

[*Exit* Don Jerome.

SCENE VI. *Town.*

Enter LOUISA, *who peeps through her veil.*

Lou. Good b'ye to you, Sir. [*Laughing.*

Enter CLARA *and* MAID.

[Louiſa *ſees them and retires.*

Maid. Well, madam, what ſteps do you intend to purſue, now that you have eſcaped from your father?

Cla. My intention is to viſit the the convent of St Catharine's; and perhaps, hereafter take the veil. Ferdinand has ſo much offended me, that I cannot forgive him.

Lou. *(Coming forward)* Now I have left my father's houſe, I don't know where to go: if I knew—Ha! who's here?—methinks it ſhould be Clara.

Cla. That muſt be Louiſa. [*Both liſting up their veils.*

Lou. Clara!

Cla. Louiſa!

Lau. Clara, I am aſhamed to inform you what I have done.———Your good ſenſe will certainly condemn my conduct.

Cla. Tell me, my dear.———I am your friend, and you may truſt me.

Lou. To be plain then, my dear Clara, I have eloped from my father's houſe.

Cla. Indeed, Louiſa, I ſhould be angry at ſo mad an action, but that I have juſt now committed the ſame offence.

Lou. And how do you intend to avoid the ſearch of your family?

Cla. I am going to the convent of St Catharine's;—my father's ſeverity is paſt all bearing; and now your brother has ſo much offended me, that I ſhall never forgive him.

AIR.

Cla. When ſable night each drooping plant reſtoring,
Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
As ſome ſad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did ſleep, whoſe weary heart could borrow
One hour from love and care to reſt—
Lo! as I preſs'd my couch in ſilent ſorrow
My lover caught me to his breaſt.

He vow'd he came to ſave me
From thoſe that would enſlave me.
Then kneeling,
Kiſſes ſteeling,
Endleſs faith he ſwore,
But ſoon I chid him hence;
For had his fond pretence
Obtain'd one favour then——
And had he preſs'd again,
I fear'd my treacherous heart would grant him more.

Cla. Where is Antonio?——Is he not partner of your flight?

Lou. No, nor is he acquainted with my intention. My father cruelly inſiſted I ſhould marry Iſaac the Jew to-morrow: this extraordinary command has compelled me to this diſagreeable ſtep:——Oh, yonder goes my brother, with the very man my father intended I ſhould marry.

Cla. Won't it be dangerous if he ſees you?

Lou. No, my dear, he never ſaw me; but his frequent viſits to my father, made him ſhew his odious figure very often before my window, from whence he was ſhown to me.

Cla. He comes this way; I'll leave you: *(Going.)*—But, Louiſa, when you ſee your brother, be ſure you don't tell him I am gone to the convent of St Catharine's two doors down on the right ſide of the piazza.

Lou. Oh, you may depend upon it, I will tell him where you may not be found: *(Going)* But my dear friend, will you allow me to make uſe of your name, as I may find occaſion?

Cla. With all my heart; any thing in my power you may command. [*Exit* Clara.

Enter ISAAC.

Iſa. Aye, aye!——there's no doubt this little figure of mine will ſoon captivate the heart of Don Guzman's daughter. ——But whom have we here?——a pretty girl, faith!—— how ſhe eyes me! *(ſhe approaches.)* aye, aye, ſhe is certainly ſtruck with my dreſs and figure: and I don't wonder at it; I have ſome reaſon to think they are particularly ſtriking.———

Lou. Sir, your ſervant:—good ſtranger, I hope you will excuſe this liberty;——I have a favour to requeſt of you———

Iſa. I am ſorry for you, young woman;—but I am poſitively engaged—

Lou. But, Sir, you don't ſeem to underſtand me——

Iſa. I can't make you any honourable propoſals:—and, if I was to offer any thing elſe, I ſuppoſe you have ſome good-natured brother or couſin, that would run me through the guts.——You have no hopes, child; I am ſorry for you.

Lou. It is not your perſon I ſolicit; I have no ambition of that kind; my ſuit is of a different nature: To be plain with you, Sir, I am told you are acquainted with Signior Antonio:—— if it is not too much trouble, and you will lend your pity to a ſtranger, pleaſe to direct him to me.

Iſa. Oh,—then, 'tis not me you are fond of?——

Lou. You!—no, indeed.

Iſa. Why, then, I muſt tell you, that you are a little confident, ſelf-ſufficient minx, and not the perſon I took you for. But pray, young woman, what is your name?

Lou. Clara, Sir, Don Guzman's daughter.—I have left my father's houſe in purſuit of my lover, who as yet knows nothing of the matter.

Iſa. Hum! this may turn to my advantage;—for Louiſa, I know, is fond of Antonio, and, if ſhe ſhould be jealous of Clara, ſhe will then conſent to marry me, in revenge for Antonio's falſehood.—[*Aſide*]—Well, Miſs, to ſhew you my good nature, I'll forgive the affront you offered me; I will endeavour to find your lover, and ſend him to you immediately.——In the mean time, here comes a friend of

mine, I can confide in; he will take care of you while I look for Antonio.

Enter CARLOS.

Iſa. Carlos, this is a young lady whoſe lover I am going in ſearch of; you will take her to my lodgings, 'till I find him.—Be ſure to take particular care of her.

Lou. Oh, Sir, now that you are acquainted with my ſituation, ſure you won't deceive me; if you do, it will render me miſerable!——

Car. Well ſaid female politician.

AIR.

Car. Had I a heart for falſehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:
For, though your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
No ſtranger offer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bleſt
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſions reſt,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong:
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

DIALOUGE.

Iſa. My miſtreſs expects me, and I muſt go to her,
Or how can I hope for a ſmile?
Lou. Soon may you return a proſperous wooer,
But think what I ſuffer the while!
Alone and away from the man that I love,
In ſtrangers I'm forced to confide.
Iſa. Dear lady, my friend, you may truſt and he'll prove
Your ſervant, protector and guide.

AIR.

Car. Gentle maid, ah! why ſuſpect me.
Let me ſerve and then reject me.
Can'ſt thou truſt, and I deceive thee!
Art thou ſad, and ſhall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why ſuſpect me?
Let me ſerve thee—then reject me;

TRIO.

Lou. Never may'ſt thou happy be,
If in ought thou'rt falſe to me!
Car. Never may I happy, &c.
Iſa. Never may he, &c.

Iſa. I am ſure my good friend will do all in his power to amuſe you, 'till I find Antonio, and ſend him to you.—I muſt on another errand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Parlour in* DON JEROME'S *Houſe,*

Enter DON JEROME *and* ISAAC, *meeting.*

Jer. AH! little Iſaac, I rejoice to ſee thee—— I have been thinking of thee, and have been planning for thy happineſs.

Iſa. Don Jerome, you are too good to me; and I am much obliged to you.—I dare ſay you have thought me tardy in my viſit; but a circumſtance has detained me which I will inform you of—Your neighbour, Don Guzman's daughter, is run away from her father;—I met her in my way hither; and ſhe ſent me to ſpeak to Antonio.——You ſee I can keep a ſecret.

Jer. Ah, Iſaac, ſee when my daughter will ſerve me ſuch a trick.—I am wiſer than them all.—I have locked her up, to make ſure of her.

Iſa. And ſee when my miſtreſs will ſere me ſo.—My aunt

always called me wiſe little Solomon; let Iſaac alone; he's a cunning little dog; a little roguiſh, now and then, in money matters; but keen, deviliſh keen!—I will ſend Antonio to her; in which caſe he will be no longer my rival with Louiſa!——Ay! ay! I am deviliſh keen——But, what hopes have I with your fair daughter?

Jer. Why, indeed, ſhe is like all her ſex——a little perverſe; but I have lock'd her up, and have ſworn never to ſee her more, 'till ſhe is obedient to my commands;——and, to-morrow, Iſaac, I intend you ſhall marry her.—O! ſhe is a beautiful creature.

Iſa. I do not doubt it.—Pleaſe, Sir, to give me a deſcription of her.

Jer. With all my heart.—Let me ſee now,—her eyes are like diamonds of the firſt water.——

Iſa. Diamonds of the firſt water; that's very good; But I had much rather they were real diamonds. [*Aſide.*

Jer. Her ſkin is like the pureſt dimity;——her teeth are even, and whiter, and better enamelled than elephants—and her voice is like a Virginian nightingale;—and as for dimples—hold,—hold,—dimples did I ſay?—No, ſhe has but one dimple; but I defy you to tell which is the prettieſt, the cheek that has the dimple, or the cheek that has not the dimple:—then her chin:—ſhe has a lovely down on her chin, like the down of a peach.

Iſa. Lord! Lord! I am afraid I ſhall be overpowered with her beauty; and I ſhould not care to be in love with any thing but her money:—but for my part, I don't much mind whether handſome or otherwiſe.

AIR.

Iſa. Give Iſaac the nymph who no beauty can boaſt,
But health and good humour to make her his toaſt;
If ſtraight, I don't mind whether ſlender or fat,
At ſix feet, or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er be her complexion, I vow I don't care;
If brown, it is laſting—more pleaſing if fair.
And, tho' in her cheeks I no dimples could ſee,
Let her ſmile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddeſt that ever were ſeen,
And her eyes—be e'en any colour but green;
For in eyes, though ſo various in luſtre and hue,
I ſwear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd diſpenſe with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black.
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only deſire—that ſhe mayn't have a beard.

Jer. There! there! go your ways to her; that way leads to her chamber;—the maid will conduct you to her apartment.

Iſa. I muſt confeſs, I feel a little baſhful.——How ſhould I addreſs her?——Do you think ſhe will be ſtruck with my figure?

Jer. You a lover!—and aſk that queſtion—let me inſtruct you——

Jer. When the maid whom we love
No intreaties can move,
Who'd lead a life of pining?
If her charms will excuſe
The fond raſhneſs you uſe,
—Away with idle whinning!

Ne'er ſtand like a fool,
With look ſheepiſh and cool;
—Such baſhful love is teazing:
But with ſpirit addreſs,
And you're ſure of ſucceſs;
For honeſt warmth is pleaſing.

Nay, though wedlock's your view,
Like a rake if you'll woo,
Girls ſooner quit their coldneſs;
They know beauty inſpires
Leſs reſpect than deſires——
Hence love is prov'd by boldneſs.——
So ne'er ſtand like a fool, &c.

[*Exit* Don Jerome

SCENE II. *Chamber.*

Iſa. Hark! I thought I heard her!—No it was only my fears!—Lord! ſhe muſt be a moſt beautiful and enchanting creature!——I think I hear the rattling of ſilks; it muſt be ſhe.—O here ſhe comes.——

Enter DUENNA *dreſſed like* LOUISA.

Duen. Sir, your ſervant——

Iſa. Your ſervant madam——

Duen. My papa has informed me, Sir, that you are the gentleman who has kindly profeſſed a partiality for me.—Will you pleaſe ſit down, Sir?

Iſa. Madam, I hope—I hope, madam—*(Advances ſlowly towards the chair,)*—O la!—*(Duenna advancing towards the chair.)*—I don't know what to ſay.—*(ſees her.)*—Zounds, what a witch!

Duen. What's the matter, Sir!—you appear frightened.

Iſa. No, madam, I'm obliged to you—Zounds! is this the bit of dimity he told me of?—But as long as ſhe has money enough, I'll try to reconcile her looks. [*Aſide.*

Duen. I hope you are not ill, Sir!——

Iſa. Only a little ſurpriſed, madam; your beauty has overcome me.—Yes ſhe has the down upon her chin, ſure enough. [*Aſide.*

Duen. Do, pray ſit down, Sir:—you'll wonder at my condeſcenſion, Sir;—but I was inform'd you was the pooreſt, little diminutive wretch;—that you was ill-bred, yellow-faced, ſnub-nos'd;—inſtead of which I find you ſo genteel, ſo well-bred, that I proteſt I am quite charm'd with you.

Iſa. There is ſomething very pretty in the tone of her voice.

Duen. You are really ſo captivating, that I am quite delighted with you,—ſo much, that maiden modeſty gives way to the ſtriking proportion of your perſon.

Iſa. Faith, now I look at her again, ſhe is not quite ſo ugly—*(drawing nearer)*—Will you pardon me, madam, if I ſalute you?—*(kiſſes her.)*—Faugh!—A man might as well kiſs a hedge-hog. [*Aſide.*

Duen. But, Sir, you muſt pardon me,—you ſhould get

rid of that filthy beard;———I proteſt it is like an artichoke.———

Iſa. Why as you ſay, miſs, the razor would not be amiſs—for either of us.—[*Aſide.*—But, I am told you have a ſweet voice, miſs,—will you pleaſe to favour me with a ſong—by way of paſſing the time?

Duen. My papa, Sir, is afraid to truſt me even with my muſic-maſter; and I have not practiſed for ſome time;—but I'll try.—(*Endeavours to ſing, but ſcreams.*)

Iſa. Very like a Virginian Nightingale! [*Aſide.*

Duen. I'm very hoarſe, Sir.

Iſa. Oh, pray, miſs, don't trouble yourſelf to ſing any more; I hear you are very hoarſe:—but, perhaps, if you took it lower, it would not oblige you to make ſuch very wry faces.

Duen. I have a very great cold, Sir;—but to pleaſe ſo accompliſhed a gentleman, I'll endeavour to recollect my laſt new words.

AIR.

Duen. When a tender maid
Is firſt eſſay'd
By ſome admiring ſwain,
How her bluſhes riſe,
If ſhe meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain!

If he takes her hand, ſhe trembles quite!
Touch her lips—and ſhe ſwoons outright.
While a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer ſigns of fear:
The youth ſhe boldly views:
If her hand he graſp,
Or her boſom claſp,
No mantling bluſh enſues!

Then to church well pleaſed the lovers move,
While her ſmiles her contentment prove;
And a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love.

Iſa. Well, Miſs Louiſa, may I hope for the happineſs of calling you mine to-morrow?——It is your father's deſire, and what I moſt ardently wiſh for.——

Duen. One thing promiſed, and I ſhall freely conſent.—As my father treated me with ſuch ſeverity, I made a vow never to receive a huſband from his hands: But if you will obtain the key of the garden gate, under pretence of our walking, I will elope from thence with you.

Iſa. (*Pauſing*) In that caſe, I will not be obliged to make any ſettlement on her.—(*Aſide.*) Yes, Miſs, I will endeavour to prevail upon your father, as I am very much in his good graces.

Enter CARLOS.

Car. Well ſaid, brother Iſaac, that is to be.——I ſee you are a briſk, and I hope a thriving wooer.

Iſa. As to that, thriving enough;—but as to your ſiſter, pray, was you ever told there was a family likeneſs?

Duen. What does my brother ſay, Mr. Iſaac?

Iſa. I am ſo puzzled, I don't know what to ſay—for heaven's ſake, ſay or ſing ſomething to pleaſe her.

Car. I'll ſtrive to pleaſe you both.——She is very tenacious of her beauty.——

Iſa. I don't doubt it;—ſhe has a damn'd deal of it; and ſhe ought to hold it faſt.

AIR.

Car. Ah, ſure a pair was never ſeen
So juſtly form'd to meet by nature;
The youth excelling ſo in mien,
The maid in ev'ry grace of feature!
O, how happy are ſuch lovers,
When kindred beauties each diſcovers!
For ſurely ſhe
Was made for thee,
And thou to bleſs this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the taſk of duty,
The boys with all their father's ſenſe,
The girls with all their mother's beauty;

O, how happy to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirit!
Thus, while you live,
May fortune give—
Each bleſſing—equal to your merit.

Iſa. Carlos, I thank thee. Now, Miſs, I'll wait upon your father and obtain the key.

Duen. Be ſure you don't tell my papa how complying I have been.

Iſa. O, you may depend Miſs upon my prudence.—Such a damn'd piece of conceit and uglineſs I never ſaw in my life.—(*Aſide.*) [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Chamber.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* ISAAC.

Jer. Well, Iſaac, what reception did you meet with?—Is ſhe not a fine girl?—She has her grandfather's lip to a hair.

Iſa. Aye, and her grandfather's chin to a hair? (*Aſide.*

Jer. Well, Iſaac, what reception did you meet with? How did my daughter behave?

Iſa. Why, better than I thought:—But, pray, how old may your daughter be?

Jer. Let me ſee:—twelve and eight, ay, is juſt twenty.

Iſa. Then I'll venture to ſay, ſhe is the oldeſt looking girl of her age in the kingdom.—Why, zounds! ſhe might paſs for my grandmother:—and as to her ſkin, that you told me was like the pureſt dimity, by this light it is a downright nankeen:—And then her teeth being white—why, they're as black as a coal; where one is ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, alternately black and white, like the keys of an harpſichord.—Her voice too, you told me, was like a Virginian nightingale: why, it's like a crack'd warming-pan:—And, as for dimples!—To be ſure ſhe has the devil's own dimples! Yes! and you told me ſhe had a lovely down upon her chin, like the down of a peach; but, damme, If ever I ſaw ſuch a down upon any human creature in my life, except once upon an old goat.

Jer. What, Sir! do you mean to inſult me, and abuſe my daughter, that is allowed to be the handſomeſt girl in all Spain!—But I ſuppoſe you want to be off from the match.

Iſa. What the devil ſhall I ſay now?—Why then, ſeriouſly, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handſome?

Jer. The fineſt girl in all Spain!—

Iſa. Lord! Lord! how partial ſome parents are to their children!—Then ſince you provoke me to ſpeak, ſhe's a downright witch——

Enter FERDINAND.

Fer. Hey day!—you ſeem to be upon odd terms, for a father and ſon-in-law.

Jer. What's that to you, you jack-a-napes!

Iſa. He looks plaguy angry with me. I believe I had better draw in my horns, or I ſhan't have his bit of dimity. (*Aſide.*

AIR.

Iſa. Believe me, good ſir, I ne'er meant to offend,
My miſtreſs I love, and I value my friend:
To win her and wed her is ſtill my requeſt,
For better for worſe—and I ſwear I don't jeſt.

Jer. Zounds! you'd beſt not provoke me, my rage is ſo high.

Iſa. Hold him faſt, I beſeech you, his rage is ſo high,
Good ſir, you're too hot, and this place I muſt fly.

Jer. You're a knave and a fop, and this place had beſt fly.

Iſa. You are in ſuch a paſſion now:—(*going to him.*) Did you think I was in earneſt?—I was but jeſting all the while.—You're ſo haſty, Don Jerome;—I had only a mind to joke a little; that was all, upon my honour!

Jer. Then you was not in earneſt!—Zounds! I thought you were in earneſt.—But I can forgive a joke as well as any one:—but take care how you carry your jokes ſo far; for I was near being in a bit of a paſſion. Come, get ſome wine here; and that will drown all animoſities.

AIR, TRIO.

Don Jerome, Iſaac, and *Ferdinand.*

A bumper of good liquor,
Will end a conteſt quicker,
Than Juſtice, Judge, or Vicar:
So fill a cheerful glaſs,
And let good humour paſs.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why ſooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Street.*

ISAAC *and* ANTONIO, *meeting.*

Iſa. Good day, Antonio:——I am glad to have met you: I have been in purſuit of you.

Ant. I am happy you have found me. What is your buſineſs with me Iſaac?

Iſa. Only a little love affair:—that's all—Clara is run away from her father, Don Guzman; and has laid her commands upon me, to bring you to her.—You have no objection, I hope, Sir:—a very fine girl!——

Ant. Two things forbid it:—friendſhip and honour.—Clara, Don Guzman's daughter.—It cannot be me ſhe ſent for.

Iſa. Oh, damn your friendſhip and honour.—Go to her,—I ſay it was you ſhe ſent for, and go you muſt. She is all impatience, and waiting at Don Carlos's lodgings.—Come, come, and I'll conduct you to her.

Ant. Well, I'll go to her.—Poſſibly I may be able to ſerve her, with regard to my friend Ferdinand. (*Aſide*)—Lead on, Iſaac, and I'll follow.

Iſa. Methinks you are deviliſh loth to viſit a pretty wench,—If ſhe had ſent for me, I ſhould have taken pity on her inſtantly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Chamber.*

Enter LOUISA.

AIR.

Lou. What bard, O Time, diſcover,
With wings firſt made thee move!
Ah! ſure he was ſome lover
Who ne'er had left his love!

For who that once did prove
The pangs which abſence brings,
Tho' but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings,
What bard, *&c.*

Enter CARLOS.

Lou. What has detained you ſo long?—Where is Antonio?

Car. I have been in ſearch of him, but without ſucceſs: Iſaac is now in purſuit of him.

Lou. Cruel, cruel, man!—You was never in love; elſe you would never ſport with the anxiety of a tender heart! (Carlos *ſighs.*) But, was you, Carlos, was you ever in love?

Car. I was, Louiſa.

Lou. And was your miſtreſs true?

Car. Oh! had ſhe been always ſo I had been happy.

AIR.

Car. Oh, had my love ne'er ſmil'd on me,
I ne'er had known ſuch anguiſh,
But, think how falſe, how cruel ſhe,
To bid me ceaſe to languiſh;

To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breath on a flame had periſh'd,
And then, with cold and fix'd diſdain,
To kill the hope ſhe cheriſh'd!

Not worſe his fate—who, on a wreck
That drove as winds did blow it———
Silent had left the ſhatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it:

Then land was cried——no more reſign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it,
——Not worſe his fate——his woe to find
The wreck muſt ſink e'er near it.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Two gentlemen below, Sir.

Lou. Antonio and Iſaac, no doubt. We'll retire a moment to ſee Antonio's ſurpriſe. Let us ſtep into this room. [*Goes to the door of the ſcene.*

Enter ANTONIO, ISAAC, *and* SERVANT.

Iſa. Where is Clara? I have found Antonio, and have brought him to you at laſt: for it was with great difficulty I perſuaded him to come with me. [Servant *points to the door where* Louiſa *is.*——Antonio *goes in reluctantly.*

Iſa. I think I'll juſt take a peep to ſee the meeting.—So, ſo, I think he has pretty well reconciled his friendſhip and honour to the interview.—He does not ſeem to feel any qualms of conſcience now; I'll leave them to ſettle the reſt, and purſue my own buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Enter LOUISA, ANTONIO, *and* CARLOS.

Ant. And are you ſure the Jew does not ſuſpect the plot contrived againſt him?

Lou. Not in the leaſt—he is too vain of his own perſon; and money is his aim: therefore he thinks every charm is centered in the Duenna.

Ant. How ſhall I thank you, my dear Louiſa, for the confidence you repoſe in me?—Alas! I feared my all was loſt; conſidering my want of fortune, and that your father's cruelty would oblige us to renounce our love.

Car. Permit me, my dear friend, to wiſh you joy on this meeting.——May every hour of your life prove as happy as the preſent!

Ant. I thank you my dear Carlos.——And now, Louiſa,

that happineſs is within our reach, why ſhould we delay one moment?——I'll go and bring a prieſt, that ſhall put it out of the power of mortal man to part us. [*Going.*

Lou. [*Stopping him*] Stay, Antonio!—Though I have been ſo imprudent as to leave my father's houſe, and fly to you for protection, it was to avoid the hated marriage with the Jew:——But you'll ſhew your love by leaving the management of this to my direction.

Car. Come, come, Antonio, as my ſiſter has hitherto confided in you, 'tis but juſt you ſhould let her now command.

Ant. I muſt obey.—But why do we trifle with the hours, ſo precious to us both?——Your father muſt be reconciled, when we are made one.

Lou. No more, I beſeech you.——I will go to my friend Clara's apartment, and write my letter; I hope you will not fail to meet me there.

Ant. I ſubmit with pleaſure, and ſhall be impatient for the moment.

AIR. TRIO.

ANTONIO, CARLOS, *and* LOUISA.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breaſt,
Where love has been received a welcome gueſt;
As wand'ring ſaints, poor huts have ſacred made,
He hallows ev'ry heart he once has ſway'd;
And (when his preſence we no longer ſhare)
Still leaves compaſſion as a relict there.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Hall in* DON JEROME'S *Houſe.*

Enter DON JEROME, *and* SERVANT.

Jer. WELL, to be ſure, thoſe women are ſtrange beings: they never know there own minds a minute.——Why now, it was but this morning that ſhe could never marry Iſaac, becauſe he was a Jew: and behold this afternoon ſhe has eloped with him.——Are you ſure it was them?——

Serv. O yes, Sir, it was indeed. I ſaw them in a poſt chaiſe, driving from the garden gate. You know, Sir, it was by your commands the gardener gave him the key to walk with my young lady on the parterre.

Jer. I rejoice to hear it——the news makes my old heart glad;——and my daughter will be happy.

Enter SERVANT *with a Letter.*

Serv. My maſter, Iſaac, ſends this letter with all due reſpect to your honour.

Jer. Here, give it me, you dog——This is to inform me, I ſuppoſe he is married, and crave my leave to return ——I am tranſported!—(*Reads*)——'Sir, your approbation of what I have already done would give me the 'greateſt pleaſure: I am anxious to receive your bleſſing; 'and will immediately return, if I have your premiſſion. 'Louiſa's duty to her deareſt father. By the time this 'reaches your hand, I ſhall be honoured with the title of 'your ſon-in-law. *Iſaac Mendoza.*'——As I could wiſh!——Here Lopez! Francis! Vaſquez! put on your beſt ſuits of liveries; throw open all the doors; call the cook; bid him prepare a ſupper which all the delicacies Spain affords:——bid all my neighbours welcome, and requeſt them to partake of my happineſs; tell them I expect my ſon and daughter home—— Get the keys of the cellar, and make all happy.

Enter ſecond SERVANT *with a Letter.*

Serv. This from my young miſtreſs.

Jer. Why, aye, this from Louiſa.——Since Iſaac wrote to me, what need the little baggage trouble herſelf?—— One would think they were not together when theſe were wrote——Let me ſee—— ——'Deareſt papa, tho' 'I have been ſo imprudent as to leave your houſe, I hope you 'ſhall pardon the indiſcretion: It is with a man who 'is paſſionately fond of me, and whoſe merit equally 'claims my regard. Your conſent, before the ceremony is 'performed, will make bleſſed your dutiful daughter.' ——Go, get pen, ink and paper, in my room, that I may ſend my conſent with all haſte——My heart is ſo light, methinks I have renewed my age.

AIR.

Jer. O the days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's ſpite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half the malice youth could bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
O the days, *&c.*

Truth they ſay, lies in a well;
Why I vow I ne'er could ſee—
Let the water drinkers tell,
—There it always lay for me
For, when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk:
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
In the bottom of each flaſk.
O the days, *&c.*

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
Yet old Jerome thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's froſt,
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
O the days, *&c.*

SCENE II. *Street.*

Enter FERDINAND, *walking about uneaſy.*

Ferd. To what a dreadful dilemma have I brought myſelf by my own officious folly!——to loſe the only object upon earth I could be happy with!——Yet, why ſhould I condemn myſelf!——it is too plain her affections are eſtranged; and Antonio is the happy man.

AIR.

Ferd. Ah! cruel maid, how haſt thou chang'd
The temper of my mind!
My heart, by thee, from mirth eſtrang'd,
Becomes, like thee, unkind!

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was:
And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applauſe——

But now my weakneſs all abuſe,
Yet vain their taunts on me;
Friends, fortune, fame itſelf I'd loſe,
To gain one ſmile from thee.

Yet only thou ſhould'ſt not deſpiſe
My folly or my woe;
If I am mad in others eyes,
'Tis thou haſt made me ſo.

But days like theſe with doubting curſt,
I will not long endure;
Am I deſpiſed——I know the worſt,
And alſo know my cure.

If falſe, her vows ſhe dare renounce,
She inſtant ends my pain;
For Oh! that heart muſt burſt at once,
Which cannot heal again.

Enter ISAAC *haſtily.*

Ferd. Whither in ſuch haſte, Iſaac?——What's the matter.

Iſa. O, Ferdinand, is that you?——What think you of the gentle Clara, Don Guzman's daughter?—She is run away from her father, for the ſake of her lover; and ſhe ſays he knows nothing of the matter.

Ferd. Dear girl! no more I did.—Where is ſhe?

Iſa. Be but patient and I'll tell you all.—She ſent for him——

Ferd. Well, carry me to her this moment! *(dragging* Iſaac) carry me to her!

Iſa. Well, well, mercy on us, how voilent you are!—Why I did carry the perſon ſhe ſent for; it was Don Antonio.

Ferd. Antonio, that ſhe ſent for!

Iſa. Yes it was.—But he was deviliſh loth to go, till I perſuaded him.—He talked much about friendſhip and honour:—But I ſaid damn your honour.

Ferd. The devil you did.—O wretch that I am! miſery and diſtraction come upon me!

Iſa. Why, ſure, you was not the fool that was in love with her.—Ha! ha! ha!

Ferd. You unfeeling Iſraelite!—you dog! don't you pity me? *(Collaring him.)*

Iſa. O yes, Sir, I do pity you moſt heartily.—Dear brother-in-law!——

Ferd. You do pity me, do you, villain?——*(Going to beat him.)*

Iſa. O, no Sir, upon my ſoul I do not pity you; my dear brother-in-law!

Ferd. There then:—take that, villain! and that! and that. [*Following him round the ſtage, beating him.*

Iſa. Oh! my dear brother-in-law,—that is to be—Oh! ſpare me, my dear brother!

Ferd. Then, ſirrah, begone! and remember, 'tis only your inſignificance that protects you.

Iſa. Then, egad, my inſignificance is the beſt friend I ever had in all my life.—Oh! what a curſed, bully-headed, bloody-minded, ſwaggering dog it is!

[*Exit ſtealing off.*

AIR.

Ferd. Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
When treach'ry two fond hearts wou'd rend.
But O! how keener far the pang, to find
That traitor in your boſom friend.

SCENE III. *Wood.*

Enter CLARA, LOUISA, *and* ANTONIO.

AIR.

Cla. By him we love offended,
How ſoon our anger flies!
One day apart 'tis ended,
Behold him, and it dies!

Laſt night your roving brother
Enrag'd I bade depart,
And ſure his rude preſumption
Deſerv'd to loſe my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,
In ſpite of injur'd pride,
I fear my eyes would pardon——
Before my tongue could chide.
By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver
To me thus oft has ſaid——
"In vain would Clara ſlight me,
"In vain ſhe would upbraid!

"No ſcorn thoſe lips diſcover——
"Where dimples laugh the while
"No frowns appear reſentful,
"Where heaven has plac'd a ſmile!"
By him we love, &c.

Cla. My dear Louiſa, you will ſoon be happy——For my part, I am doom'd to paſs the long ſolitary hours in this dreary manſion—Heigho! [*Sighing.*

Lou. Indeed my dear, you are miſtaken; for, if my father does not give his conſent, how are we to live?

Ant. Do not grieve my deareſt love!——

AIR.

Ant. How oft Louiſa, haſt thou ſaid
(Nor wilt thou the fond blaſt diſown,)
Thou wouldſt not loſe Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne!

And by thoſe lips that ſpoke ſo kind!
And by this hand I preſs to mine!
—To gain a ſubject nation's love,
I ſwear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my ſoul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy!
Of this true heart thou ſhalt be queen,
And ſerving thee—a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliſs
And rich in love's exhauſtleſs mine—
Do thou ſnatch treaſures from my lips.
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

Enter a NUN *veiled, with a letter.*

Lou. Now, indeed, we are nearer happineſs.—Here's a wonderful change;—my father's free conſent.

Ant. Is it poſſible!—This is joy beyond expreſſion!—Let us no longer delay our bliſs?—I will fly and bring the prieſt.

Lou. Stay, Antonio.

Ant. My life!———

Lou. Had not you better take me with you?—perhaps you will not find me here on your return.

Ant. Thus let me thank thee for thy fond advice. [*Kiſſes her.* [*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Louiſa.

Cla. There they go, as happy as heart can wiſh:—May every bleſſing attend them.

Enter FERDINAND *looking after* ANTONIO *and* LOUISA.

Cla. So! this ſhould be Ferdinand.—How got he in, I wonder!—By the help of a bribe, no doubt.

Fer. [*Looking after them.*] There is Antonio with her; and, for ought I know, going to be married. I ſhall run diſtracted! [*Going.*

Cla. Sir! Sir!——[*Stopping him.*]

Fer. Pſha! let me alone——

Cla. What do you want, Sir!—you appear unhappy.

Fer. Not you, child, not you. But, pray, good nun, is not that Antonio?

Cla. Aſſuredly it is.

Fer. And, is not that Clara with him?

Cla. Clara is not yet gone out of the garden.

Fer. One queſtion more; and I'll trouble you no further;—Are they going to be married?

Cla. They are, Sir.

Fer. Oh! unfortunate that I am—But I will follow them,——upbraid them with their falſehood,——and—have done for ever. [*Exit* Ferdinand.

Cla. Well, I'll follow. Louiſa may not be the only bride to-day.

AIR.

Cla. Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The ſullen echo of repugnant ſighs!
Ye ſiſter mourners of each lonely cell,
Inur'd by hymns and ſorrows, fare ye well!
For happier ſcenes, I fly this darkſome grove,
To ſaints a priſon, but a tomb to love!

SCENE IV. *Monaſtery.*

Enter FATHER PAUL, FATHER FRANCIS, *and other* FRIARS, *drinking.*

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the ſun of our table,
His beams are roſy wine,
We——planets who are not able,
Without his help to ſhine.

Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll ſoon grow bright,
With borrow'd light,
And ſhine as he goes round!

F. Paul. Come fill. Here's to the blue ey'd nun of St Catherinre's. [*drinks.*

All. Agreed—The blue ey'd nun of St Catherine's. [*drink.*

F. Paul. Here's to the mother-abbeſs. [*drinks.*

All. To our mother-abbeſs. [*drink.*

F. Paul. Have there been any legacies or donations ſince our laſt meeting!

F. Fra. Fifty pounds from an uſurer, on his death-bed, to pray his ſoul through purgatory.

F. Paul. Well, that will pay for candles, brother Francis———Any thing more?

F. Fra. A thouſand dollars, from a lady, to be applied to charitable uſes.

F. Paul. The beſt of uſes,—to diſcharge our wine bill.

F. Fra. A large ſilver lamp, by Don Emanuel de Caſtro, to be kept continually burning in the tomb of St Anthony.

F. Paul. Which we will melt down, to bring in more luſcious proviſion than any we have yet mentioned: for St Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark—tho' he was——

F. Fra. Forty piſtoles I have received for confeſſions.

F. Paul. Very good——that will help to pay our butcher's bill. [*A loud knocking at the door,—they all retire, but* Paul *and* Francis.

Enter a PORTER *meagre and pale.*

F. Paul. (*with a glaſs in his hand.*) What do'ſt thou want?

Por. I thought you had done your morning rites.

F. Paul. Done!—No!—Have we, brother Francis?

F. Fra. No, not by a bottle a man.

F. Paul. I ſuppoſe thy ſinful diſpoſition has brought thee to ſee what was to be had, to gratify thy wordly voracious appetite. Thy pamper'd looks are a ſcandal to our order. If you are hungry, are there not the roots of the earth! (*eats cake.*) And, if you are dry, is there not the clear ſtream? [*drinks wine.*

Por. Some company would ſpeak with your holineſs, if your morning devotions are ended.

[*Father* Paul *drinks, and gives the glaſs to the* Porter, *who puts it to his mouth.*]

F. Paul. So, you ſinful wretch, if there had been any thing in it, you would have drank it.——Admit them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter ANTONIO *and* ISAAC.

Ant. We come, father, to ſolicit your aid to join us in nuptial bands, and hope not too late.

F. Paul. Yes, Sir, but you are, by half an hour—you muſt be patient, and wait another day.

Ant. But, good father, love is impatient, and we cannot wait;—pray diſpatch us [*Giving gold.*] And let this plead for me.

F. Paul. Nay, now you offend me groſly; I muſt not take gold; it hurts my conſcience; but here's a place in my habit, you may lodge it in: Upon your own head be the ſin. And on this ſide is another.

Iſa. O, I underſtand you. There, father. I ſhall need your help preſently; but diſpatch your preſent office.

F. Paul. The ſins of this town almoſt diſtract me—they make me linger in fleſh, to ſee them daily committed before my eyes.

Ant. One would imagine, indeed, they were under your noſe; for it bluſhes more than the reſt of you face.

Iſa. Here comes Ferdinand: I'll not ſtay, for he's a deſperate fellow——Antonio, you had better go.

Ant. Why ſhould I fear him?——Bleſſed with my love, I'll ſtand my ground.

Iſa. The devil take me if I do;——he almoſt broke my bones juſt now: ſo I'll take my leave.—Father, you ſhall ſee me again.

Enter FERDINAND.

Fer. Antonio, is this your friendſhip? How can you anſwer for ſuch treatment? Thy life ſhall pay for it: Draw, Sir.

[*Draws.*

Lou. Why, brother, you appear angry; *(Diſcovering herſelf.)* What's the matter?

Enter CLARA *behind him, veiled.*

F. Paul. Certainly the man has not a mind to marry his own ſiſter!

Fer. Louiſa!—Is it you I have miſtaken for Clara all this while!—Where has ſhe fled!

Cla. What is it you want, Sir!——Not you child, not you—— [*mocking him.*

Fer. Antonio, I bluſh for my folly—Louiſa, what ſhall I ſay?——Clara, my angel, can you forgive me! Love is blind.

DUETTO.

Oft does Hymen ſmile to hear,
Worldly vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're ſincere,
Never ſlow to give reward.

For his glory is to prove
Kind to thoſe who wed for love.

SCENE VI. *Parlour.*

Enter DON JEROME.

Jer. Methinks, they are very ſlow:——I wiſh they were come————Oh, here's Iſaac.

Enter ISAAC.

Iſa. I am returned with joy to crave your bleſſing.

Jer. But where's my daughter?——my dear girl!——Why did not ſhe accompany you?—Every moment is an age 'till I ſee her.

Iſa. She is waiting for your permiſſion to throw herſelf at your feet.

Jer. Run!—bring her to me:—She'll gladden my old heart. *(Exit.* Iſaac.) I'm all joy.

Enter ISAAC *and* DUENNA.

Jer. O Lord!—Is that my daughter?—Why the man is ſurely mad!

Iſa. Why do you look at her ſo, Sir?——Go, my dear, and throw your ſnowy arms around your papa. He will forgive you. Don't be uneaſy—Go to him—

Duen. My dear papa! (*Running to him and embracing him.*) You will not ſure be ſo cruel as to diſown me!

Jer. Papa! dear papa!——What the devil do you mean? you have not married Urſula the old Duenna, have you, inſtead of my beautiful daughter

Duen. O, you are a cruel parent!

Jer. O Lord! Lord! will no body relieve me from this old hag?

Iſa. Did I not tell you, ſhe was as ugly as the devil; and you would not believe me!——And ſo then I am taken in with this old Jezebel.

Duen. I'll let you know whether I am not a match too good for you.

Enter ANTONIO *and* LOUISA.

Ant. I come, Sir, with my dear Louiſa, to aſk forgiveneſs, and to claim your bleſſing.

Jer. You ſhall have neither, Sir! You have cheated me of my daughter;——and do you think I can ſo eaſily forgive it?

Ant. There, Sir, is your own conſent, in your own handwriting, ſigned by your own name.

Jer. Sir, it was through a ſtratagem you obtained that conſent——and you ſhall not poſſeſs a rial of her fortune.

Lou. Believe me, Sir, I never meant to deceive you, or marry without your conſent:—I would not receive Antonio for a huſband, until I obtained it by your letter.

Jer. No matter, madam——You ſhall not have a maravedie of your fortune.

Ant. I care not, Sir:—in herſelf I have a treaſure.—Give me but your bleſſing, make me happy, and I am content.

Jer. A generous fellow this, (*aſide.*) Do you think, Sir, you are the only man in Spain, that can do a generous act? There, Sir: ſince my daughter is yours, her fortune ſhall be

alſo:——There's my bleſſing too:——and ſince you are ſo generous as to deſpiſe her fortune, no man in Spain deſerves it better. [*They both kneel.*

Lou. Accept our grateful thanks!——

Enter FERDINAND *and* CLARA.

Jer. Hey day! what have we here?——Have you been robbing a nunnery?

Ferd. This is Donna Clara, Sir, Don Guzman's daughter, and my wife, with a good fortune.

Jer. Come here, you little ſlut, and kiſs me. You young dog, you have made a good choice. Bleſs you, my children! And may you ever be as happy as at preſent.

Iſa. And muſt I ſtand to my bargain with this old witch?

Duen. Upon my word, you have no need to complain; who are you; [*Following him round the ſtage.*] I will let you know, Sir, I have a brother an Alguzile, that wears a ſword——you ill looking diminutive wretch!

Iſa. The devil's dam is broke looſe, and her whole fury is levelled at me.

Lou. Well, little Iſaac, you were always keen——deviliſh keen——

Ferd. Your mother always called you wiſe little Solomon.

Jer. No body could ever put a trick upon you——Hey! Iſaac!——

Ferd. Cunning little Iſaac!

Iſa. Is there no way to avoid theſe everlaſting tongues? This door will befriend me:—I'll fly to Jeruſalem, to get rid of that bit of demity. [*Exit.* Iſaac.

Duen. Fly where you will—I'll follow you.

[*Exit.* Duenna

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Jer. Come now for jeſt and ſmiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, ſo blyth and gay,
'Till we baniſh care away.

Lou. Thus crown'd with dance and ſong,
The hours ſhall glide along,
With a heart at eaſe—merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to pleaſe.

Ferd. Each bride with bluſhes glowing,
Our wine as roſy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, *&c.*
Ant. Then a health to every friend,
The night's repaſt ſhall end,
With a heart at eaſe, *&c.*

Cla. Nor while we are ſo joyous,
Shall anxious care annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, *&c.*
For gen'rous gueſts like theſe,
Jer. Accept the wiſh to pleaſe.
So we'll laugh and play, all blyth and gay,
Your ſmiles drive care away.

A grand Maſquerade Scene, with Dances, &c. &c.

FINIS.